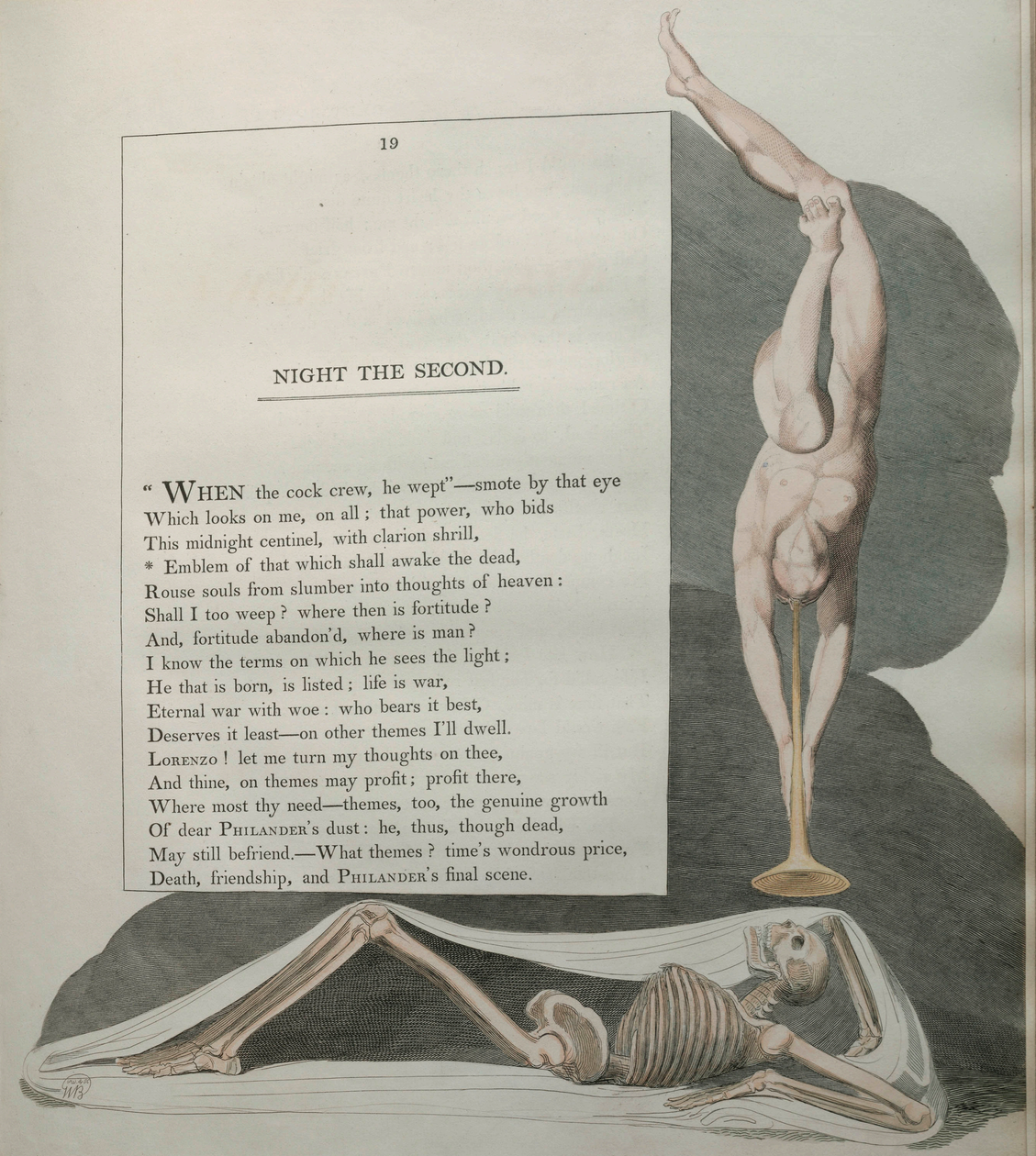
NIGHT THE SECOND.

" WHEN the cock crew, he wept"—smote by that eye
Which looks on me, on all; that power, who bids
This midnight centinel, with clarion shrill,
* Emblem of that which shall awake the dead,
Rouse souls from slumber into thoughts of heaven:
Shall I too weep? where then is fortitude?
And, fortitude abandon'd, where is man?
I know the terms on which he sees the light;
He that is born, is listed; life is war,
Eternal war with woe: who bears it best,
Deserves it least—on other themes I'll dwell.
LORENZO! let me turn my thoughts on thee,
And thine, on themes may profit; profit there,
Where most thy need—themes, too, the genuine growth
Of dear PHILANDER's dust: he, thus, though dead,
May still befriend.—What themes? time's wondrous price,
Death, friendship, and PHILANDER's final scene.



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